A 14

NEW VISION
OF THE
LADY Gr----s,

Concerning her Sister, the

Lady *HENRIETTA BERKELEY.*

In a Letter to Madam *Fan*-------

Madam,

LEt Miracles be ceas'd, Heav'n has still preserv'd a way to Reveal its Mysteries to the Faithful. Let Divines and Phylosophers say what they will of Oracles and Witches, they shall never beat out of my Brains the Doctrine of Spirits and Visions. Was not *Willmore* Convicted for a Kidnapper? and was not my own Sister but Spirited away t'other Day? Either you must allow there are Spirits, or a Transmigration, which is more absur'd, and that her Soul is transform'd into some other Beast or Foul, for in her own likeness she is not to be found. I have had (Madam) so many Visions upon this occasion, that I protest I cannot tell which to begin with.

T'other Day coming from the *Spanish Fryar*, as soon as I lay me down, I dream't, that the Amourous Collonel was my Husband, and out of meer kindness, because he cou'd never have enough of me, ran away with my own Sister; but this being but an Idea of what had been represented, working upon my Fancy, I took no more notice of it.

I had scarce fall'n into another Slumber, but going through a vast Forrest, I saw methought another Vision, and Lo! there appeared unto me a young Dow catch'd in the Toils in a Thicket, where none cou'd find her out, and the Keeper a Prisoner in the Lodge for Decoying her from the Herd, and singling her out for his own use. I made hast to get her out, when behold the Vision vanish'd, and no Track or Resemblance of her left behind. This startled me the more, and made me give more Credit to the Vision, who waking, I found my Sister was to be found no where, and my Husband in a Goal.

The next Night coming from an Entertainment in the Land of Promise, which the Tories call Whigland, I had no sooner laid me down upon my Pillow, but straight (methought) my Genius appear'd, nay, tho' I were dead asleep, this Prophet by laying Mouth to Mouth, Brest to Brest, Thigh to Thigh, and Foot to Foot, wou'd even raise me to new Life.

This was once the Guardian Genius of the Kingdom, that Inspir'd the Court as well as the Country, but now he has taken up with the Mobile, filling

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ling them with ſtrange Notions, Whimſies and Chimeras, and now and then takes a Sally amongſt his Petticoat Friends, where (in ſpite of all Lineal Right, or Succeſſion to the Throne of Love, or the Nation,) he Reigns Abſolute Monarch, and no doubt his Soveraignty would be boundleſs, if he were not Govern'd by another Armſtrong, or rather Headſtrong, Genius, that leads him about as the Vinegar-man does his Aſs, by the Noſe, crying Liberty Three Pence a Pint, and like the Dog in the Fable, makes him drop his Subſtance for the Shadow.

This Genius of a Genious, but to me my better Angel, finding the Anguiſh of my heart, who had often div'd into the bottom of it; come, ſaid he, (my Dear) I know thy Trouble, follow me and I will ſhew thee thy Siſter. Being overjoy'd, (methought) I roſe and follow'd him, being led by a Star, which like a Dark-Lanthorn he always carry'd before him. After he had led me through ſeveral green Midows, Orchards and Incloſures, we came at laſt to a deep Cave, which was inacceſſible by any Mortal, for no Man cou'd yet find the way to it.

Here appeared unto me another Viſion, A Red Cow, and a Gray Bull, of the delicateſt ſhape, and the fineſt ſtateſieſt Horns as ever adorn'd Brow. Bleſs me! (ſaid I) what's here? *Jupiter* and *IO*. no ſaid my Genius, 'tis your Siſter, and a Friend of yours. My Siſter! ſaid I, with that I made up to them, and though I love Red Cows Milk naturally, I had a greater Longing to ſtroak the Bull, but ſhe had been there before, and now making up nearer, the better to diſcern them, they unanimouſly fell upon me on either ſide, Goreing me with their Horns, with the fright of which I awaked. But Reading the Story of *Europa* and the Bull, the Day before, in *Sandys*'s *Metamorphoſis*, I minded it no further.

The Third Night coming from a friendly Meeting in the ſame place, inſpir'd with Love and an Evening Lecture, I return'd home, my kind Genius being ſtill at my Elbow, I had much adoe to forbear ſleeping in my Coach. I had no ſooner got to Bed, but my nimble *Mercury*, my ingenious Genius who was always Gentleman-Uſher to my Fancy, had got there before me, cutting Capers over my Pillow, and Charming me as before, to a new Life, methought I found my ſelf in a new World of Pleaſures, and indeed ſo it was, for methought I was in *Fairy*-Land and ſaw a new Viſion, my Siſter with *Oberon* ſitting, like Queen *Mabb*, in a Tulip-ſtalk, with a Glo-worm for their Footſtool, feeding on Philters and Love Powders. Bleſs me! ſaid I, what is my Siſter turn'd Queen of the *Faires*? yes, ſaid my Genius, and *Oberon* has put the Changling upon your Husband, for whoever has her in keeping, he muſt find her out. So I awaked.

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